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## Transcendence



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### Chapter 1 by Celsius Fate

The familiar hum of lightsabers clashing filled the air as two Padawans engaged in a mock battle. From the observatory two Jedi Masters watched quietly, observing as their apprentices practiced their skills with wielding their weapons. The first Padawan, a Twi'lek with rare crimson skin, parried as her opponent tried to attack her left flank which was unguarded. Pushing back with her own weapon, the Twi'lek flipped backwards three times, drawing distance between herself and her friend.

“Not bad Kul'nenu,” she said with a smirk.

“Your skills are growing as well Tajjizez,” Kul'nenu replied, swinging his lightsaber in the air once and grasping the hilt with both hands.

Bringing her own saber in front, Tajjizez prepared herself for another attack when she heard a voice from above halt their training.

“Enough,” the familiar voice of her mentor Tinzoni rang out.

Bowing to Kul'nenu while turning off her weapon and returning it to her belt, the Twi'lek stood to the side as her master came down. Having spent her years spent as a Padawan to Tinzoni, Tajjizez had mastered the art of wielding a lightsaber. From a young age she had shown promise, quickly making her way to the top of the academy as Tinzoni's apprentice. Now she and Kul'nenu were the only two of their year to be taught Atara, and soon would be

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allowed to master Jar'Kai as well, though the latter was not that welcomed among the Jedi Order.

“Your skills have grown considerably since I first took you on as my Padawan,” Tinzoni said, beckoning at Tajjizez to join his side.

The Twi'lek obeyed, quickly walking over to stand beside her master.

“Kul'nenu has matured as well. He can fight Tajjizez as equals now, and no doubt one day they will be on the same battlefield together as comrades,” Pilnawa remarked as her apprentice went to stand next to her.

“I heard he is to take the trials soon to be a Knight?”

Tajjizez widened her eyes at this, giving her friend a look that was a mixture of confusion and joy. Of course she had heard rumors about a Knighting ceremony that was to occur, and assumed it was either herself or Kul'nenu, since they were the only ones close enough to attain the rank of Knight. The Twi'lek hoped it would be her, but was nonetheless happy for her friend.

“Yes I have asked the council for permission and they gave me their blessings to do so. Kul'nenu will take the trials in one week's time,” Pilnawa said with a proud smile.

“I wish him the best of luck,” Tinzoni gave one of his rare smiles to the opposing Padawan.

“Thank you for your kind words Master Tinzoni,” Kul'nenu bowed in respect, his apprentice braid dangling in the air in front of his face.

“Come my Padawan, there is much I must discuss with you in regards to your ceremony.”

Kul'nenu glanced over his shoulder to his friend.

“I'll see you during meal time,” he said before running after his mentor.

Following her mentor up the stairs to the library, so he could teach her more of the galaxy, Tajjizez couldn't help but feel agitated. She knew that her friend was to take the trials before her. While she was not a Jedi, she was a Twi'lek and a Knight soon, a part of her wanted to become a Knight herself. She had been training under Tinzoni as his Padawan, and not once did he mention her taking the trials.

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“Master there is something I wish to ask of you,” she finally said after a bout of internal fighting.

“Yes my young Padawan?” Tinzoni nodded at one of the workers as they passed by.

“If Kul'nenu is to take his trials soon, does this mean I am to undergo them as well?” she asked hopefully, looking at her mentor with anticipation.

At this the Jedi Master slowly shook his head.

“But why!? I have spent more than enough time as a Padawan, learning all I can from you! Why am I not allowed to undergo the trials to become a Knight?” Tadjizez protested angrily, clenching her fists to express her feelings.

“What you just did is the exact reason why I have not allowed you to take the trial to become a Knight, despite several council members putting in a good word for you,” her mentor said with yet another shake of his head.

“This is unfair.”

“What is the Jedi Code? Surely you would not have forgotten so easily?” Tinzoni looked at his apprentice knowingly.

The Twi'lek sighed in defeat. “There is no emotion, there is peace. There is no ignorance, there is knowledge. There is no passion, there is serenity. There is no chaos, there is harmony. There is no death, there is the force,” Tadjizez recited by heart the code instilled in her since her very first day training as a young one.

“You must learn to control your emotions, my young Padawan. Until the day you do, I will not allow you to undergo the trials to become a Knight.”

Silencing her next comment with a single wave of his hand, Tinzoni led his apprentice over to an empty chair and sat her down, beginning the next part of their lesson.

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"Tajj! There you are," Kul'nenu's voice interrupted her thoughts as she glanced up from where she was walking, originally heading for the canteen.

"Kul! Are you excited about your trials?" the Twi'lek asked, jogging over to where her friend was.

"I've waited ten years for this moment and now I will finally get the chance to become a Knight!"

Tajjizez clasped her friend on the shoulder, smiling at her Togruta comrade she had come to love like a brother. The two of them came to the Academy when they were little and immediately developed a bond that no one could break. They rose through the ranks together until both were taken under the wing of experienced Jedi Masters, earning themselves the status of Padawan. Though she wanted nothing more than to become a Knight like Kul'nenu, the Twi'lek felt regret at not being able to control her emotions. Perhaps she should ask her friend how he does it, and take his advice to heart.

"Hey Kul, how do you control your emotions?" she inquired, getting in line to receive her meal.

"I meditate daily in the privacy of my room," he instantly replied, picking up a tray and handing another one to his friend.

"I tried meditating but I can't seem to empty my mind. Is there some sort of trick to it?"

The Togruta tilted his head to the side briefly in thought. "Try focusing on relaxing your body, then take deep breaths and exhale slowly. That usually helps me enter a trance," he finally answered.

"I'll give that a try and see how it turns out. Hopefully Master Tinzoni will let me take the trials too," Tajjizez grabbed a cup of tea, placing it on her tray.

"I hear you are going to start training in the art of Jar'Kai."

"Yes, but I don't know how I feel about wielding two lightsabers when I can barely get through

your defenses with one," Tajjizez gave a laugh at this, since it was true she had never once broken through her friend's strong defense. See more of Story Wars

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"Stop that," she playfully swatted his hand away.

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"Tajjizez! Come meet me in my office," Master Rysse called from down the corridor.

"Yes, Master!" the young Twi'lek responded immediately and trotted ahead, leaving her friend behind. Rysse was not known for his patience.

"Did you need something?"

The elderly human creased his white eyebrows. "Now, now, Tajjizez. That is not the correct way to address your Master," Rysse chastised. "But never mind that. I need you to do something for me. Think of it as a test, if you will."

"I thought I was too passionate to be tested," Tajjizez scoffed.

"And you are. But this isn't a Trial for Knighthood. I need someone with your fire to do this properly. There are just some things that people who train too hard to control their emotions cannot do."

"Which is?"

"Mind your manners, young Twi'lek."

"Yes, Master," grumbled Tajjizez.

"There is a disturbance in the Force. Someone is here, watching us. Yet when we Masters reach out with our minds, there is nothing but a wall that we cannot breach. A void of emotion, if you will. I would like you to investigate this for me. But tell no one. Not even your friend Kul'nenu. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, Master. I shall do as you ask."

"Good. You are dismissed," Master Rysse turned away with a wave of his hand. "And may the Force be with you."

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If she could not see with her eyes, she would have to see with her mind. Tajjizez closed her eyes and reached out with the Force, touching, feeling for anything out of the ordinary.

“Now, now, little Twi’lek. I wouldn’t recommend closing your eyes when the enemy is nearby,” a distorted male voice said from behind her. Tajjizez turned on her heel to face... nothing. Or, rather, distorted light. A humanoid silhouette stood before her. A stealth field. Whoever it was, he definitely was not part of the Academy. Tajjizez placed a hand on her lightsaber’s hilt.

“Oh, I wouldn’t do that, if I were you,” the voice said coolly. The stealth field dissipated, and before the Twi’lek stood a man in Mandalorian armor with a blaster pistol pointed directly at her head. “Don’t worry. I’m not here to kill Jedi. If I were, most everyone here would already be dead.”

“That doesn’t make me feel any better,” she retorted.

“No? Then take solace in the fact that my armor is black and not gold. Regardless, I’m only here to observe. For now, that is.”

“Observe?”

“Yes, observe. Must you parrot everything I say?” Scorn was evident in the Mandalorian’s tone.

“Observe what, exactly?”

“You tell me. What could I, a Mandalorian mercenary, possibly desire to see? Surely, I would not be stupid enough to fight an entire Jedi Academy alone.”

“So you’re here to assassinate someone?” At that, the Mandalorian simply chuckled.

“Hardly, hardly. I’m no Marauder.”

“Then why are you here?” the Twi’lek pressed.

“I thought I told you, stupid girl,” he hissed in response. “I’m here to observe this Academy. Nothing more, nothing less. Now, I have to go do.” With that, he flickered back out of sight. “One last thing, Jedi. If you ever fasten your eyes on me again, you won’t live to regret it. I don’t doubt that.”

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With that warning in mind, the Mandalorian disappeared again. Tadjizez slowly lowered her guard, straightening back up fully when she realized he was truly gone. His words still echoing in her head, the Twi'lek hurried back inside towards the relative safety of her room.

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Later that evening the Twi'lek tried meditating using the advice given by her friend. Closing her eyes and taking a deep breath, Tadjizez exhaled slowly, focusing on emptying her mind. However she found that extremely hard to do, for every time she did, her mind would replay the scene with the Mandalorian over and over. His words haunted her relentlessly. The more she dwelled on it, the more she realized she wanted to know what or who he was observing. Mandalorians typically were mercenaries for hire, which meant someone must have hired him to observe the Jedi Academy. But for what specific purpose?

With an exasperated sigh the Twi'lek opened her eyes, knowing quite well she wouldn't be able to meditate like this. Perhaps a stroll could help ease her thoughts. Slipping her shoes on, the Padawan headed for the door, walking straight out and bumping right into someone the moment she did.

"I'm sorry," she apologized, stepping backwards only to realize it was Kul'nenu standing there.

"Easy there Tadj. What's wrong? You look like you have a lot on your mind," the Togruta scrutinized his friend with concern.

"I can't seem to meditate. This is hopeless, I'll never take the Trials to become a Knight!" the Twi'lek wrung her hands together in worry and bit her lips.

Sensing the distress in her voice, the Togruta beckoned for his friend to follow. Wondering what her friend was going to show her, the Twi'lek trailed along silently, lost in her own thoughts. Kul'nenu led Tadjizez towards a large balcony overlooking the capital of Coruscant.

"Remember when we first arrived here? The two of us were fascinated by the Jedi Temple and got lost in one of the halls," Kul'nenu said with a slight chuckle.

Tadjizez laughed out loud at the memory.

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Yea it was Master Sarrak who  
Hall while everyone else s

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us back to the Initiative

Master Sar-Kal was a member of the Jedi High Council, a female human with a loving nature. She reminded the Twi'lek of her own mother back home on Ryloth. Speaking of Ryloth, everyone back home had a tendency to stare at her, due to red skin. It was strange. Something that always bothered her deeply since both her parents had blue skin like the others. Later on her father explained that she was a Lethan, one of the two subspecies of Ryloth, with the other being Rutian. When asking why her skin was red, her mother explained further that it was due to a mutation in her genetic code that caused her to have red skin.

"I miss my home," Tadjizez quietly murmured.

"It must be tough on you," Kul'nenu gently rested a hand on her shoulder.

"What about you? Don't you miss your planet?" the Twi'lek glanced at her friend.

"I grew up an orphan on Shili. I have no family so I can't exactly say I miss it. If it weren't for Master Pilnawa who found me during a mission to Shili, I would have probably already died. She's like my mother," the Togruta explained.

A breeze blew through the balcony, ruffling their attire gently. Tadjizez fingered her Padawan braid, something she wove out of beads given to her by her mentor. How she longed to have it cut and become a full-fledged Knight. If only she could learn to control her emotions better, but given her fiery personality, that would take a miracle.

"Are you going to train in Jar'Kai soon?" she decided to change the subject.

"Not right now. I want to focus on my Trials first, and once I become a Knight, then I'll start training in the art of Jar'Kai. You must feel proud of yourself, learning how to dual-wield when you're still a Padawan," Kul'nenu smiled down at her, prompting the Twi'lek to wave her hands playfully in front of his face.

"I just hope I can hold onto both of them," Tadjizez mumbled softly.

"You are Force Sensitive, even more than I am. You can always telepathically call it back," Kul'nenu answered, indicating to

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The Twi'lek took hold of her

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"I always wondered why I had a yellow blade instead of blue or green."



“Because you’re special?” Kul’nenu suggested with a small laugh.

Tajjizez lightly pushed her friend, not enough to make him lose balance, but enough to make him stumble back a few steps.

“But seriously, isn’t it because you’re always tinkering around with the droids around here?” her companion noted.

“Perhaps. But I don’t see why that merits a yellow saber rather than a green one. I always felt I was more suited to be a Consular than a Sentinel.”

“You are more adept with the force than most Padawans around here, but don’t forget that I can best you with a lightsaber any day, so I suppose that’s why you won’t have a blue blade.”

“That’s fair, I guess. That still doesn’t explain the-”

“You know, it isn’t wise to question the Masters’ decisions. As they say, time will reveal all.”

Tajjizez sighed. “Yes, yes. I suppose you’re right.”

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